

in Utley

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# Puck

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



Good morrow, merry gentlemen,  
May nothing you dismay —  
For Congress can't suppress by law  
The Merry Christmas Day.

Good morrow, Mr. Santa Claus,  
You're looking ill this year —  
Your bag is small, your gifts are poor,  
But, oh, you're mighty dear!

And though the Christmas tree is small,  
And stockings hard to fill,  
Let's thank our stars we've *anything*  
After McKinley's Bill.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1890.

PUCK.



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppeler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 24th, 1890.—No. 720.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE SNAPPING-TURTLE — or was it a snake? — that *would* wriggle after its head was cut off ought to be adopted as the device and symbol of the Republican party as it is at present represented in Congress. "Is n't that creature dead?" inquired the astonished traveler. "Daid 'nough, mahse," replied the darkey who was looking on; "on'y it ain't got sense 'nough to know it." Discredited by the vote of the people, a term set to their power, the Republicans sit in the Congressional halls and wriggle with the futile perversity of the snapping-turtle or the snake. Nobody cares greatly what they may do. Their position is thoroughly known. They will be as "cussèd" as they dare to be, and there is only a languid interest in speculating as to just *how* cussèd they will dare to be.

The programme that they laid out before the last election is their programme still. The election has taught them nothing. The country has voted them out of office, and has emphatically expressed a complete lack of confidence in them. They casually observe that the country does not understand them or their measures, and they sit down to discuss how far it is politic to fly still more in the face of public opinion — and they do this with the full knowledge that if they go too far for popular endurance, the next House of Representatives will undo their work. For undo it that House can. The House of Representatives, with the purse-strings in its hand, and the people behind it, is an uncommonly powerful body.

We have very little sympathy with the aims and ideas of the Republican leaders. But we wish it to be understood that we look upon this state of affairs with sincere regret. It does not please us to see the Republican majority in Congress persisting in its folly. The country may suffer from it, and nobody will gain by it, in any worthy way. It will lead, of course, to further Democratic success. But it will not be good for the Democrats to gain power solely on the demerits of their opponents and not on their own merits. Such success is sure to breed the arrogance and in-



THE WOLF AS WATCH-DOG.

Presidential Influence can no longer screen General Refrigerator Raum and the Pension Office Scandals from the strong light of Public Condemnation.

tolerance that have brought about the overthrow of the Republicans. The country will not be well served by any political party that may go to Washington with the idea that it has any right to or chance of tenure of office beyond good behavior.

It would be much better for the nation if there were enough rational Republicans in Congress to turn the party into the path of common-sense and decency. It would be better for the Republican party, better for the Democratic party, and incalculably better for the millions of people who have to be governed by the men elected from one party or the other. But we do not expect to see any such exhibition of patriotism. Sullen and sulky, the Republicans will follow out their programme as far as they dare to, regardless of the people's rejection of it, and they will go out of office with personal and selfish feelings of anger, mortification and spite; regretting, not that they can no longer serve the people — but that they can no longer exercise power, triumph over their opponents, and divide among their adherents the spoils of office. A dignified attitude for the party of Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln!

There is no more irritating phrase than "we told you so;" but what can we say about the present condition of the Irish Home Rule party that does not convey, in the light of what we have said aforetime, a strong suggestion of "told-you-so"? This does not, to our mind, reflect any great credit upon our perspicacity. It does reflect a great deal of discredit upon the newspapers whose anxiety to catch the "Irish Vote" made them blind to facts that were plain to any human being who was willing to listen, see and think. The thoughtless and ignorant partisanship of these papers has done nothing to promote prosperity in Ireland, and has done much to produce the present situation.

What is that situation? Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell has been for years the leader of the party that demanded Home Rule, or practically, autonomy, for Ireland. When Mr. Gladstone, a life-long opponent of Home Rule, was last voted out of office, he made what is known as a "flop," allied himself with Mr. Parnell, and announced his devotion to the cause of Home Rule. He has remained out of office since that time. He has, however, worked faithfully with Mr. Parnell until within a few weeks. Then Mr. Parnell was exposed to the public as a seducer of his friend's wife. The affair was disgraceful in every way, and involved certain degrading and, in a sense, ridiculous episodes. Mr. Gladstone promptly called on Mr. Parnell to resign his leadership in the Home Rule party — not on account of his iniquity, but on account of the effect of the open scandal upon the British voter. Undoubtedly Mr. Gladstone was right. He did not enter into the moral question; but as a matter of practical politics he saw that Mr. Parnell was an impossibility as a leader, as soon as he was openly placarded as a Don Juan. On this point, he knew his Britons.

But Mr. Parnell's patriotism did not move him to retire. Perhaps he thought he was a better leader than any other Irishman, even if the British public disapproved of him. He began an active and a highly Irish fight to retain that leadership, and no man knows to-day whether he really has retained it or not. Technically, he is deposed. Practically, only time can show whether he is a leader or no leader. But whether he is or is not, it matters little. The significance of the whole affair lies in the fight that he has made and is making with the disaffected members of his party. Nothing more disgraceful, more shameful, more contemptible was ever put on record. All over Ireland have these two factions chased each other, hurling the lowest and vilest abuse at each other's heads, and even descending to the most cowardly and unmanly appeals to physical violence. Last week Mr. Parnell's opponents threw lime into his eyes. Are "cowardly" and "unmanly" strong enough words to apply to such dastardly work?

We have expressed before this our conviction that the Home Rule idea was at once unwise and impracticable — at least, as it has been formulated up to the present date. We ask our readers to study the daily papers, to follow the course of this hideous fight, to note its indecency, its brutality, its utter unconsciousness of law and order and reason and common-sense, and to ask themselves whether any of the participants in it are fit to govern themselves or others.

The crude little rhyme that explains the picture on page 310 was hammered out years ago, when "Hospital Saturday and Sunday" was a new institution. Perhaps the thought that it expresses might be more gracefully framed to-day; but the old rhyme and the old picture have done some good service in the cause of honest and wisely-administered charity, and we reproduce them with something of a feeling of pride, quite sure that their familiar faces will serve to remind many kind-hearted but forgetful citizens that there are two days in this month when they can not do better than to put their hands in their pockets to help those who lie sick, not in the dear homes where Love stands by day and by night between the sufferer and death, but in those vast asylums of pain where Charity does her best — with our help — to take Love's place.



## THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.



SHE WHISPERS of the gladness  
That waits on Christmas-tide,  
And says if all the wishes  
Good folk send far and wide  
Were garnered in one nosegay  
Of blossoms rich and rare,—  
'T would represent the blessings  
She prays may be my share.

She points her pretty sentence  
With smiles and dimples twain.  
Her lips are like pink flowers  
Which shine with Summer rain.  
Above her gentle glances  
A cap of smooth gold hair  
Enfolds in burnished yellow  
A forehead wide and fair.

What though her honeyed accents  
From satin paper fall?—  
Though tender word and gesture  
Are stereotyped for all?—  
Shall I reject her kindness  
Because her cheek is hard?—  
Because her grace and greeting  
Bedeck a Christmas card?

Eva Wilder McGlasson.



### THEY DON'T EAT CANDY IN A CANDY-SHOP.



"And what did you get for your Christmas, my little man?" asked the benevolent old gentleman of the small boy whose acquaintance he had made in the Park.

"I got," said the little man, promptly, "a refrigerator and a sideboard and a shaving-stand and a fire-screen and a marseilles quilt."

"Are n't those rather queer presents to give a little boy like you?" asked the old gentleman, with a dazed expression upon his benevolent features.

"Dunno," replied the boy; "I think they're first-rate."

"But you can't use those things."

"Can some day."

"Ah, I see!" said the old gentleman, as a light broke in upon him; "your parents are poor people, and they are trying to make some provision for you when you grow up?"

"My parents ain't no poor people," returned the boy, indignantly; "my father's the richest man in the ward."

"What is his name?" the aged gentleman queried feebly, wondering if his age had n't somehow got into the grey matter of his brain.

"John P. Joojoo," replied the boy, with a scornful inflection, as he walked away.

The old gentleman sat and mused for a minute or two. Then he arose and sought the nearest drug-store.

"I'll take some cod-liver oil and phos—" he began, and then his eye fell on the directory, and with a sudden inspiration he hastily ran over its pages until he read:

Joojoo, John P. toys and sporting-goods at wholesale, 999 Maiden Lane, h 3 E.—

The old gentleman read no more.

"Cod-liver oil and phosphates?" repeated the clerk, inquiringly.

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman, briskly; "I did think I needed something of that sort, but I find I don't. Much obliged to you. Good day!"

### A PREHISTORIC ILLUSION.

LANMAN HATTAN.—I suppose you hung up your stocking last night, Willie?

LITTLE BOSTON WILLIE.—You err, sir, I always receive my Christmas check at the breakfast table.

### GETTING PERSONAL.

MUFFLED FIGURE (*to DITTO*).—Hello! Merry Christmas!

SECOND MUFFLED FIGURE (*gruffly*).—Merry Christmas!

FIRST MUFFLED FIGURE.—And happy New Ye—

SECOND MUFFLED FIGURE.—Biff! I'm 1890.

IT IS QUEER that the cat always gives voice to its most decided utterances while in the dark and on the fence.

IT IS MORE blessed to give than to receive; but both go at Christmas.

"DID YOU see Marie brushing the cobwebs from that bottle of Port?"  
"Yes, I spider."

PEPPER AND VINEGAR should be carefully omitted from the holiday season.

CHRISTMAS IS A hard time.  
Thousands hang up their very stockings.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN  
—Marrying a Lord.

ALL THINGS come to the man who waits—except the particular thing he is waiting for.

HOW TO BECOME PERFECT—  
Follow the Advice You Give to Others.

A FERTILE THEME—The Beaver Hat.

THE POET burns the midnight oil—  
O Martyr! watch to keep  
And through the night at that to toil  
Which will make others sleep!



### THE DOG WAS RIGHT.

MR. JACKSON.—Doan' yo' make so much noise munchin' yo' lunch, Geo'ge Washin'tun Jackson. Dat dog, Tiger, ac's like dey wuz game 'roun' yere, and yo' 'll done scar' um so 's yo' ole fadder won't git a chance at um, nohow.



## A GOOD IDEA.

ROMAN PATRICIAN.—I say, Friend Martial, can't you give me a good point for my after-dinner speech?

THE EPIGRAMMATIST.—Yes; don't make one if you have nothing to say!

## MISLEADING SIGNS.

**B**USINESS SIGNS and announcements are about as reliable as signs of good weather in the month of March.

Any man who does much short distance traveling soon becomes familiar with the announcement of "The Only Strictly First-Class Hotel in Town," and he knows before he goes there just exactly what kind of a hotel it is. He knows there is n't a bath tub, or a postage stamp, or a new pen in the house; he knows that if he wants to write a letter in the evening he will find all the solid citizens of the town crowded around the one kerosene lamp on the writing table, trying to read newspapers two and three and four days old; he knows that when he goes to his room he will have to ask for the towel, which the maid servant forgot to leave there; he knows that when the porter comes in the stillness of the morn to wake some guest for the 5:30 train he will clatter through the hall, pound on the door, and yell: "Five o'clock!" exactly as he would yell Fire. And there are a hundred other equally pleasant characteristics of "The Only Strictly First-Class Hotel."

There is a livery-stable keeper in the United States who once charged me ten dollars and expenses for a horse and cutter and driver for a certain length of time, when, according to rates current in that locality, he should have charged but five dollars. I demurred, and said I would try the other stable; but, behold and lo! there was n't any other stable. Then I consented to be bled on condition that I should select my horse and cutter and driver. All right. The next morning early my conveyance was at the hotel door; but during the night the horse and cutter had grown very, very old, and the driver had grown the other way; for, in place of the intelligent adult to whom I had been introduced, was a sleepy, freckled boy. But the price was ten dollars and expenses just the same.

This person kept what he denominated on a large sign, extending across the building, the "Golden Rule Livery Stable."

Passing a restaurant one day I noticed on the bulletin board this legend: "Fish Of All Kinds." I like fish, and I thought this would be a good place to get some. I asked the waiter for some broiled Spanish mackerel. Had n't any. Well, plain, ordinary, fresh mackerel, then. Had n't any. Smelt? No. Bluefish? No. Halibut? No. Bass, perch, eels, sardines, mummy-chugs, dogfish, catfish, flatfish, pickerel, pike? No.

I asked the waiter what the devil-fish they did have, and the waiter said they had some codfish and fish-balls.

Later on I told the proprietor of the restaurant that he seemed to be laboring under a delusion in regard to the varieties of fish extant; that his stock did not include "Fish Of All Kinds;" that, if he would get any work on ichthyology or an old report of the U. S. Fish Commission, he would find that, leaving out the waters of all foreign countries, and confining himself to the United States, alone, there are still some other kinds of fish besides codfish and fish-balls.

But we may write and write about misleading signs and it won't do any good. The country merchant will still advertise: "New Goods Just Received, *Selling at Less than Cost*;" the ice-man will continue "Selling Out Entire Stock Slightly Damaged by Fire;" the clothing-dealer will go on advertising "Pants Half Off;" and simpletons will continue to be misled.

Morris Waite.



## A PATRIOTIC KICK.

MRS. PACKINHOUSE (*in London*).—Silas, I wish you'd shave off your chin-whisker; it looks so gawky.

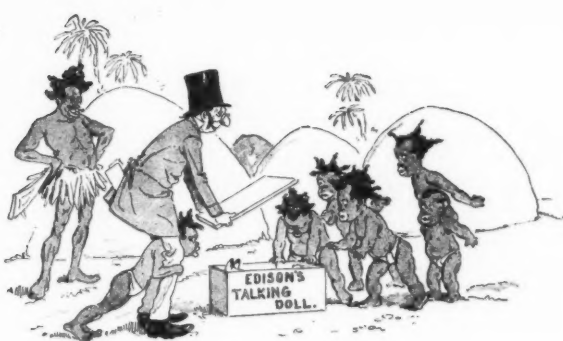
MR. PACKINHOUSE.—Never, Ma'am! I've rigged myself out in this English togger to please ye; but I'm hanged if I part with the last thing that shows I'm an American!

## A BROADWAY FASHION TRAGEDY.



OR, THE PADDED SLEEVES, THE TIGHT SKIRT, AND THE INTELLIGENT POLICEMAN.

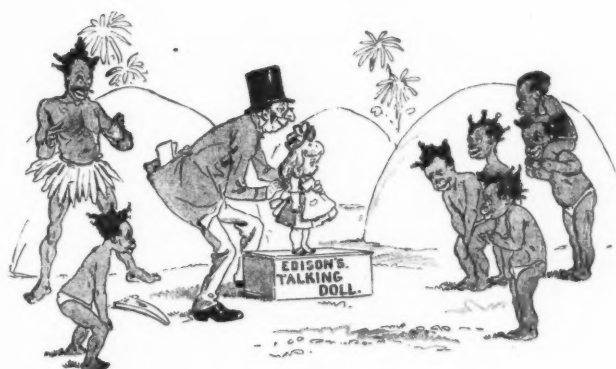
# CHRISTMAS AT BOLOBO.



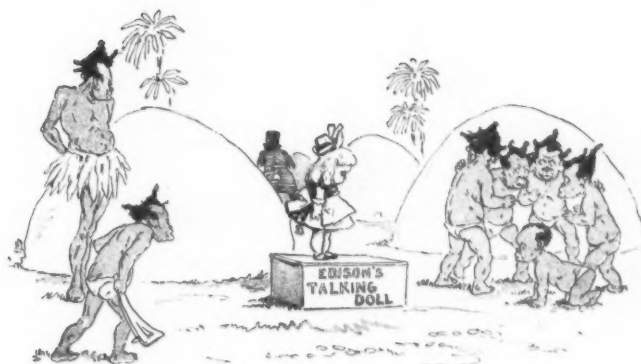
I.



II.



III.



IV.

## THE SMALL BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

GREEN APPLES now no longer gripe  
Him in the midnight hour;  
And watermelon has not got  
Him in its awful power.

His mother now no longer finds  
His shirt from swimming damp.  
With angle-worm and fish-pole he  
Has ceased his weekly tramp.

Summer has gone, and Christmas joys  
Now occupy our pet;  
Yet still, behind the barn, he smokes  
The deadly cigarette.

Tom Masson.



V.

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

How doth the busy Used-to-be  
Approve each bygone minute,  
Until the humbled present feels  
The come-down that is in it!

How gleefully he rubs it in  
To latter days—because  
There's nothing extant now to match  
The Golden Use-to-was!

C. F. L.

## INDISPENSABLE.

WILEY.—Tell me something good  
for a joke.

DRILEY.—Point.

## THE SAME OLD BORE.

HERODOTUS.—Monuments! Why,  
boys, when I was traveling in Egypt I  
saw—

CHORUS.—Rats! Chestnuts! You've  
told us that yarn fifty times before!

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

"Lend me fifteen dollars, will you?"  
"Certainly—how much did you say?"  
"Fifty dollars."

## MAN'S MIND IS HIMSELF.

The man who says, "If I were you  
This is the sort of thing I'd do,"  
Seems to forget if he were I  
Only my point of view he'd spy.

## HE PREFERS WHISKEY.

"Bromide of potassium is said to be  
an excellent antidote for snake bite,"  
remarked a visitor to an Iowa man.

"Well, I'd rather not be bitten by  
a snake than take that for it," replied  
the Iowan.

## IN DOUBT.

"So you want me to give you my  
daughter?"

"I do, sir."

"What are your prospects?"

"That's what I'm waiting to hear,  
sir."

## THE VALUE OF HASTE.

HEDDER (*seating himself beside friend on "L" train*).—Whew!  
I'm clean out of breath; had to run a block to catch the cars!

KARMLEY.—Indeed! Which way are you going this morning?

HEDDER.—To the City Hall.

KARMLEY.—Well, you'll have a chance to recover your wind at  
Chatham Square. This train goes to South Ferry.

## A WELCOME VISITOR.

"I would like to see President Hawkins of the R. R., R. & Q. road."

"You will have to state your business, sir."

"I have a scheme for getting around the agreement that the railroad  
presidents entered into yesterday."

"Step in, sir. President Hawkins will be glad to talk with you on  
this matter."



VI.

## THE GREATEST OF ALL.

MR. GLOBETROTTER (*on the ocean greyhound*).—Your  
friend seems to have very decided views on the Irish ques-  
tion. What county does he come from?

MR. O'ROURKE.—Faith, from New York County, sor!

## A HOST IN HIMSELF.

LITTLE CORA.—We're going to have a Christmas  
party at our house.

LITTLE MABEL.—Are you? How many are you  
going to invite?

"Only one."

"Who; me?"

"No; Santa."

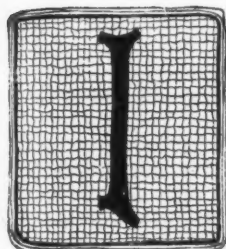




A GUILTY CONSCIENCE NEEDS NO ACCUSER.



## A THEATRICAL POSSIBILITY.



IT IS quite common in these days for people who have achieved distinction in any line of business, and who have, by choice or necessity, retired from that line of business, to go on the dramatic stage. The case of Mr. John L. Sullivan is a notable example of this tendency.

Now, as the recent political overturn threw out of employment a great many men of national reputation—men whose names would prove a magical drawing card in all the states that voted against them, from Maine to California, exclusive—we may confidently expect to see on the bill-boards next season some such announcement as this:

## AMAZING ATTRACTION!

CONGRESSIONAL CONSTELLATION OF STARRING STATESMEN!

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR., OF OHIO,

*In the Stirring Domestic Tragedy,*

"LOW WAGES AND HIGH PRICES."

WRITTEN BY EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED.

*Read the Cast:*

NAPOLEON, THE SECOND. . . . . WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

*Leader of the protectionist army and author of a bill.*

JACK, THE RIPPER. . . . . John James Ingalls.

*A heavy villain who does not believe in the universal application of the Decalogue.*

UNCLE BACKNUMBER. . . . . William M. Evarts.

*An old gentleman with a good record and a bad hat.*

GENERAL CRANK. . . . . Henry W. Blair.

OTHER CHARACTERS by Messrs. Quay, Cannon, Mason, *et al.*

Prices of Admission will be raised one hundred per cent. for this engagement.

*S. Mart Halleck.*

## A PAIR OF THEM.

*Jack Frost is a dainty artist,  
Whose work we love to see;  
But for matchless fun and fancy  
He can not touch A. B.*



## WINTER'S DIREST TERROR.

"Father, what is the matter with these people? Has a house fallen on them?"

"No, my son; they have only been going through a few storm-doors."



## CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BABY MCKEE.—Why, Grandpa, what in the world are you doing up this time of night?

## A SLIGHT\* IMPEDIMENT.

FATHER.—Mr. Quickrise has been coming here for some time. Has n't he proposed yet?

DAUGHTER.—I don't know whether he has or not, because it is so difficult for him to make himself understood.

FATHER.—I did n't know he was a bashful man.

DAUGHTER.—He is n't; but he used to be a brakeman on the Elevated road.

## IN PLAIN SIGHT.

THE COURT.—You are charged with having no visible means of support.

BUNKER STEERS.—What's the matter with my dear old friend Mr. Kentry, of Kentry Corners, who's appearing against me, as a visible means of support?

## OVERMATCHED.

JUDGE.—You are charged with bigamy, Mr. Smith. Have you anything to say to the charge?

PRISONER.—No, sir. I'm not fool enough to talk against two women.

## NOT IF HE LOOKED IN THE GLASS.

CHOLLY.—Ya-as; I'm going out to see a man, doncherknow.

MISS SHARPE.—What an advantage you have over him!

## IT MUST HAVE BEEN SO.

COENTIES.—I don't generally believe in giving anything to beggars, but the other night I saw a poor fellow who awakened my utmost sympathy. He said he wanted two cents to take him over Fulton Ferry.

DE KALB.—And I suppose you were foolish enough to believe him.

COENTIES.—Well, yes. You see, he asked me for it in Brooklyn.

## WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

"Is Cumbell progressing in Art?"

"Tremendously. A year ago he had a studio; but now he has an atelier."

## AS FOLLOWS.

"What profession does McAllister follow?"

"None, now. The one he followed was being followed."

## HE MIGHT GET TRAMPLED ON.

"I'm in a quandary for an appropriate character in which to go to the New Year's Ball."

"You might go as a good Resolution."

LEARNING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE by means of a "self-teacher" is like shaping out an ax-handle with the blade that needs the handle.

HONESTY MAY BE the best policy; but some kinds of policy are not the best honesty.

"WHY is the Winter wind called rude?"

"Because it whistles, I guess."



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.  
"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."





J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York N.Y.

# THE THREE ZANIES OF THE GRAND OLD PARTY.



PUCK.





## AT THE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

MR. ELI BLUE.—Well, Cice; now that you have completed your collegiate course, what profession do you propose to adopt?

MR. CICERO BOOMAH.—None. I have already established myself as a real-estate agent here in Brooklyn.

MR. ELI BLUE.—What prompted you to select Brooklyn?

CICE. BOOMAH (*ever loyal to Alma Mater*).—Because I think these foot-ball matches are letting people know of its existence, and will ultimately bring it into prominence.

## TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

## I.

## AT ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.

REV. JEHOSEPHAT DOOLITTLE.—Dearly Beloved, in connection with my remarks upon the sin and sinfulness of gambling, it gives me great pleasure to notice that both our State and National Governments are endeavoring to suppress the vice with all the power of their legal and executive machinery.

## II.

## IN THE RECTORY.

MISS GUINEVERE DOOLITTLE.—Papa, it's time to go round to our fair now. I have charge of the raffling department. We've got nineteen raffles running, from ten cents to ten dollars a chance, so as to accommodate everybody. Will you help me sell tickets?

REV. JEHOSEPHAT.—Certainly, my dear daughter. I'll guarantee to sell every chance. I'm delighted to see you taking so active a part in such a noble enterprise.

## III.

## IN THE SESSIONS.

JUDGE BLUFFY.—Seedy, stand up. You've been convicted, after a fair trial, in which you have been ably defended by your counsel, Mr. Squeezem, of selling lottery tickets. Gambling is a ruinous vice, and must be suppressed. You would get the full penalty, were it not that the District-Attorney, Mr. Mixer, believes you were not always a gambler. Six months on the Island. (*Exit SEEDY.*) Court is now adjourned. Say, Squeezem and Mixer, come over to the Club and have a little draw.

## IV.

## AT SHARP &amp; SKINNER'S, 203 WALL ST.

JUDGE BLUFFY.—Good morning, Doctor. That was a fine sermon of yours, Sunday. Liked it very much. How are all your family?

REV. JEHOSEPHAT DOOLITTLE.—Thank you, very well. Glad you liked my humble attempt. I see you are doing the same, if not more forcible, work in your sphere. How's the market to-day?

JUDGE BLUFFY.—Bearish! Just lost a five-hundred dollar margin on Lackawanna.

REV. JEHOSEPHAT.—Am sorry; but "It's an ill wind that blows—" you know. I sold before the drop, and cleared eight thousand dollars. Shall I see you Sunday?

JUDGE BLUFFY.—I hope so, Doctor.

REV. JEHOSEPHAT.—Good morning, dear Judge. (*Aside.*) Dear me, what a lucky escape! If I'd bought instead of sold, I would have had to hypothecate my salary—

JUDGE BLUFFY.—Good morning, my dear Doctor. Present my regards to your excellent wife. (*Aside.*) I wonder where that lucky dominie gets his points. It will pay to cultivate him more. I'll take in the Sunday-school and evening services hereafter. (*Exit.*)

Wm. E. S. Fales.

## SANTA CLAUS TELLS WHAT THE TARIFF HAS DONE.

"Doleful things have come to pass,"

Softly sighed Saint Nicholas.

Soldiers tin, and tea-sets made  
For the children's Christmas trade;

Little dolls that wink their eyes  
To the little maid's surprise;

Wagons for the bouncing boy,  
Spinning-top, or game, or toy—

Less of these Saint Nick can buy.  
If you ask the reason why,

Silent I must still remain—  
Get McKinley to explain.

"Why the baby can not go  
With his tin sword to and fro,  
Or the little girls delight  
With their dollies dressed in white,  
And the cradles where they store 'em,  
Is a matter *ad valorem*."

Hear the beat of drums terrific  
Deadened by the rate specific!

Why they did it, I'm astray;  
May be they'll explain some day."

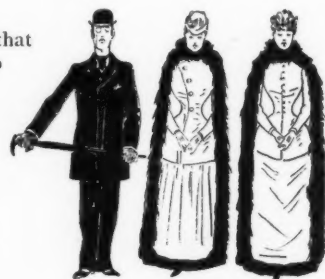
But the dark, mysterious plan  
Flattened out the Canton man.

J. D. Miller.

## HIS IDEA OF IT.

AUNT FURBY LOWE.—How thin that city chap looks that's staying over to the Smiths. They say he jest got back from Europe.

UNCLE SI LOWE.—I should think he would look thin ef he's b'en over there. I stayed at one o' them there European hotels in the city t' other day, and they charged me two dollars a day; and I did n't get a bite to eat the hull time.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.  
"Types of the '400.'"

## HOW HE GOT LEFT.

BILLY CALUMET.—They say that Van Isching Coyne married his wife for her money, and yet it was a love-match on her part.

JACK LOTUS.—Should n't wonder; the poor fellow asked me to lend him a five the other day. I fancy Mrs. Coyne is more liberal with her love than her cash!

## LOCAL PRIDE.

NEW YORKER.—Which of Shakspeare's plays do you like best?

ONONDAGA CO. GIRL.—The "Comedy of Errors." The scene, you know, is laid near Syracuse.

THE DRESS-COAT has come to stay, and some of its wearers appear to have come to stays.

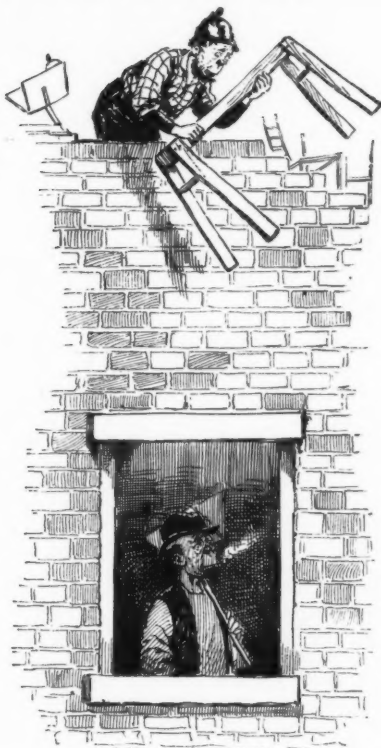


## PUCK'S ANNUAL REMINDER.

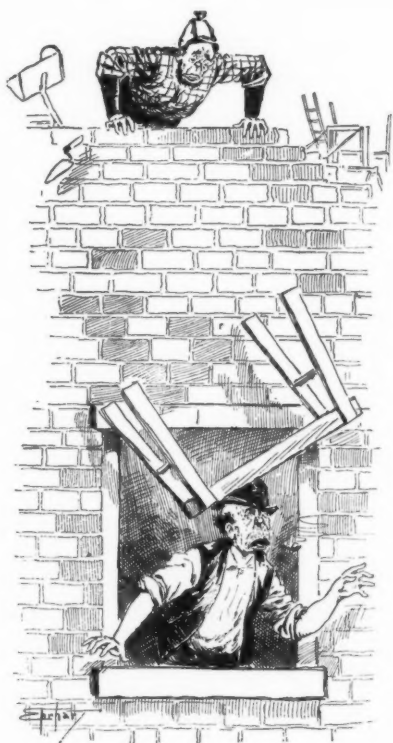
HOSPITAL SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ARE DECEMBER 27TH AND 28TH!



HE "LOOKED OUT."



O'DOYLE (from above).—I soy,  
Moike, are ye down there?  
MOIKE (in the window).—Oi am.  
O'DOYLE.—Well, then —



— look out!

#### A GREAT BOY.

There was a young fellow named Kipling,  
Whose thoughts were both merry and rippling;  
His work was much sought  
By a public that thought  
That he did mighty well for a stripling.

#### A QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

"Did you read the Queen's speech?"  
"Yes."  
"What did it sound like to you—Salisbury?"  
"Worse. Harrison."

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a  
guarantee of its excellence.

THE LATEST AND BEST.

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## The Daylight

The wick raiser is a  
triumph.  
Does not stick.  
Wick cannot get  
down into lamp.  
No fuss or fret.

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Manufactured by Craig-  
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Banquet and Table sizes.  
The Daylight Lamp Co.,  
38 Park Place, New York,  
will give you further in-  
formation.



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Unequalled for Delicacy of Flavor and  
Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested.  
Different from all other Cocos.

28\*

## Which Magazine

shall I take?

I want the one that is written by men who know what they write about;  
and I want them to do their best.

I want diversion; and I want it as good as the serious part. Good litera-  
ture is that which does well what it aims to do — entertains, moves, informs.

I want a variety of timely topics discussed with knowledge, ability, grasp,  
authority. Timely topics are those that civilized people are thinking about.  
What I want is help to think about them.

Scribner's Magazine for 1891 is to have the following papers:—

A series of four articles on JAPAN, by  
Sir Edwin Arnold. Illustrated by  
Robert Blum. (Now in Japan.)

Two on JAPAN, by Professor Wig-  
more, of Tokio University, on the  
new government; illustrated by  
Mr. Blum.

Four on INDIA, by James Bryce, M.  
P., author of the "American Com-  
monwealth."

Henry M. Stanley has written one on  
the AFRICAN PIGMIES for the Jan-  
uary issue. (Illustrated.) It is en-  
tirely apart from his book. One by  
J. S. Keltie, summarizing African  
explorations, with unique illustra-  
tions.

THE WRECKER, a serial, by Robert  
Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Os-  
bourne, illustrated by Hole; a  
present-time tale.

A TWO-PART STORY, by Frank R.  
Stockton, besides many short stories  
by clever writers.

TRUE STORY OF AMY ROBSART, by  
W. H. Rideing, illustrated by Tay-  
lor (December, 1890).

THE SEASHORE. A series by Prof.  
N. S. Shaler, illustrated.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS, illustrated; a  
series parallel to papers on Rail-  
ways in 1889.

CHRISTIE'S, the London Picture Auc-  
tion-Room, by Humphry Ward,  
art-critic of London Times, illus-  
trated by Furniss, of Punch, (De-  
cember, 1890).

NEAPOLITAN ART (Morelli, Decem-  
ber, 1890), by Jacassy, illustrations  
by the author and Morelli.

MEXICAN EXPLORATIONS, by Dr.  
Carl Lumholtz, illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD,  
a series, illustrated.

AUSTRALIA, by Josiah Royce. Austra-  
lian Railways under government  
control; Kangaroo-hunting, by  
Birge Harrison; all illustrated.

FLORAL DECORATIONS OF PONDS  
AND LAKES, by S. Parsons, Jr.,  
illustrated.

BOAT LIFE ON THE NILE, by E. H.  
Blashfield and Mrs. Blashfield,  
illustrated.

ARAB LIFE ALONG THE NILE, by  
the same, illustrated.

PASTORAL WITHOUT WORDS, draw-  
ings only, by Howard Pyle (De-  
cember, 1890).

COURT TENNIS, by Dr. James  
Dwight, illustrated.

MODERN FIRE APPARATUS, by John  
R. Spears, illustrated.

CLUBS OF NEW YORK AND LONDON,  
by E. S. Nadel, illustrated.

Captain Stockton's DIARY on the  
Thetis in the Arctic, illustrated.

SYMMETRY IN THE HUMAN BODY  
(right-and-left-handedness, etc.), by  
Thomas Dwight, M.D., illustrated.

WINTER ON MT. WASHINGTON, by  
E. L. Wilson, illustrated.

CARAVAN LIFE ON THE DESERT,  
by A. F. Jacassy, illustrated.

TYPE TEMPLES OF JAPAN, by E. H.  
House, illustrated.

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ACTOR, by  
John Carghill, illustrated.

CITY OF THE SACRED BO-TREE  
(Ceylon), by James Ficalton, illus-  
trated.



This is the barest naming of part of what is known in ad-  
vance of the contents of Scribner's for 1891. What stores of  
fireside pleasure and travel over the world! The January  
number contains Stanley's great article on the Pigmies. Illus-  
trated. Be sure and get it.

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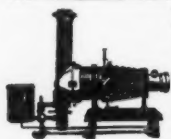
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for Beef Tea, Soups, Made Dishes, Sauces, (Game, Fish, &c.), Aspic or Meat Jelly. Keeps for any length of time, and is cheaper and of finer flavor than any other stock.

*Jos Liebig*

Genuine only with J. von Liebig's signature as above, in blue. One pound of Extract of Beef equal to forty pounds of lean beef.



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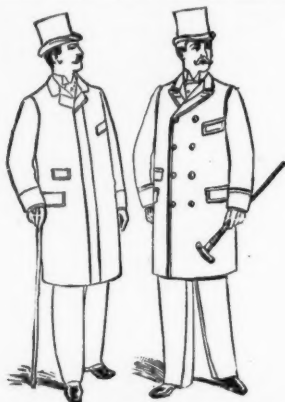
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Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,

BOWERY AND SPRING ST.,

NEW YORK.

THE CHOICEST OF GERMANY.

UNCLE.—And now good-bye, my dear nephew, and if you should need any money, why, write to me.

NEPHEW (pulling a letter out of his pocket).—Certainly, I will, Uncle. There's the first letter now.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

IN BOSTON.

"What in the world are you doing there, Johnny?" asked Mama, as the little boy went to work on the oak sideboard with his new jack-knife.

"I'm cutting a conspicuous figure," replied Johnny.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

LOCALETS.

Philip Elting Admitted to bar a Lawer Now next, put out your shingle Philip and let all know where you are.

Mr. Prescott our Jewellery sold a very handsome gold watch to Dr. Carhart of Milton it is an Elgin Movement & the Rubies Jewels are set in gold settings.

Geo Main and L. Traphagan, has Invatation Complintary tickets to attend Royal Arcanun Concert and Lecture at Colling wood Opera house Dec. 15 in Po'keepie Dutchess Co., N. Y.

St. Nicholas Hotel at Wolden has all the flisities of a first class Hotel in a city of a one hundred Thousand Inhabtants.

—*Highland (N. Y.) Southern Ulster*.

PLEASANTER, PERHAPS.

The maiden was bashful and would n't allow Me to kiss her sweet lips in the glare of the light, When she stood in the room 'neath the mistletoe bough,

But I kissed her under the rose that night. —*Cape Cod Item*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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EXCITED LADY (at Atlantic City).—Why is n't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—

LIFE-SAVER (hurriedly).—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, Mum.

EXCITED LADY.—Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?—*New York Weekly*.

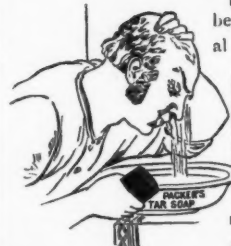
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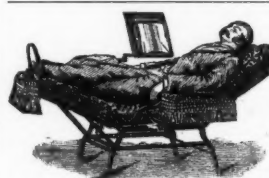
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able for presents. Sample orders so-  
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SOME men can not keep their eyes off the ladies unless, perhaps, they have seats in a horse car, and the ladies are standing.—*Ex.*

THE Indian war dances are a good deal like the ballet variety. It takes men to the front tier.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THEY tell us now that all the stock market wants is confidence. To a great many it has seemed a confidence game all alone.—*Ex.*

McKINLEY said he was ready to go before the country. Well, he did, considerably before.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE man who struts about as if he owned the town would find the town very backward about owning him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WEED — DART.

A HIGHLAND WEDDING.

The air on Wednesday of this week near the brides home was full of fragrance.

The bride looked charming in her wedding raiment. Supplemented by pleasant smiles and other evidence of happiness and hope.

The Groom was appareled in full dress way looked well and happy all that was pleasant seemed to be pleased. After the ceremony the guests to the number of seventy eight partook of the refreshments.

The presents were numerous and handsome a fine collection not no two a like.

The wedding proved a most pleasant entertain-ment to all present, send off, for the bride and groom who took train 5 O'clock 4 minutes going South

While they the rice and slipper, many a warm wish and as they went from loved homes to lay the hearth stone for themselves and try the old experiment of making "two hearts beat as one."—*Highland, (N. Y.) Southern Ulster.*

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"THE tramps are filling our almshouses," says an exchange. But who is filling the tramps? —*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE weather to date has been vacillating in opposite directions. It is still nip and tuck between the goose bone and the corn husk.—*Ex.*

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The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS,  
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78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

SPEAKING of Stanley's rear column, he seems to have a pretty stiff back-bone. —*Yonkers Statesman.*




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